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Litchfield Enquirer:
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By HENRY ADAMS.
TERMS. To village and single mail subscribers, two dollars per year, payable before the expiration of six months.
To companies of any number over six, \$1.50 per year, payable as above. To companies less than six, \$1.75 per year, payable as above. 25 cents will be deducted from each of these prices when payment is made in advance. These prices are exclusive of mail or stage charge for transportation.
No papers will be discontinued until all arrears are paid, except at the discretion of the editor.
Notice of a wish to discontinue must be given before the expiration of a year.
Advertisements. One square, three insertions, \$1, and the same proportion for two or more squares. Half a square, 75 cts. Continuance over three weeks 50 per cent per week. A liberal deduction made for advertisements continued 6 or 12 months.
Administrators' and Executors' Notices, \$1 00
Commissioners' Notices, 1 25
All communications must be post-paid.

FURS.

THE subscriber will pay cash and the highest price for good Mink, Raccoon, Fox, Cat Skin, and other FURS suitable for shipping, delivered to me in Litchfield.
HIRAM JACKSON.
Litchfield, Jan. 23

J. G. BECKWITH,
At the Sign of Drugs and Medicines,
IS RECEIVING CONSTANTLY,
GENUINE MEDICINES; English and American PATENTS; Osborn's Linseed, and also Prepared OILS for painting; Pure Port, Madeira, and other WINES; L. and P. Porter, Gums, Turpentine, Lamp Oil—DYE STUFFS—Trusses, Congress Water, &c.—including all articles and medicinal preparations usually found in connection with the above articles, which he will sell at a small advance from cost for cash or good credit.
Litchfield, Aug. 1

Just Received and for sale by
GOODWIN & GALPIN,
CHILD'S Book of Commerce,
Hawes' Lectures,
Taylor's Life of Cowper,
Religious Souvenir,
Domestic Medicine,
School Testaments for 12 1-2 cents.
December 12

SCHOOL BOOKS, &c.
THE subscriber keeps on hand a general assortment of SCHOOL BOOKS, BIBLES, Testaments, Psalm, Hymn and Common Prayer Books, Toy Books, School Tickets, &c. which he will sell at publisher's prices, at wholesale or retail.
Feb. 13 E. A. LORD.

WINES! WINES!
A GENERAL ASSORTMENT OF SUPERIOR Champagne, Madeira, Port, and Muscat, by the gallon or in bottles. Also, a great variety of the common and low priced Wines. Together with Rum, Brandy, Holland Gin, &c. of the very best quality, selected with great care, expressly for medicinal purposes.
For sale by A. WILDMAN,
Apothecaries' Hall, West-street.
Litchfield, Feb. 6

Fresh Canaan Lime
For Sale by
GOODWIN & GALPIN.
November 7

Improved Trusses,
RECOMMENDED BY Distinguished Surgeons as being best calculated to relieve the patient of any patent now in use—at a reduced price. Those interested will please call and examine for themselves, at the store of
J. G. BECKWITH.
Litchfield, Dec. 5

Wheat and Rye Flour,
At reduced prices, warranted.
For sale by S. P. BOLLES.
February 6

FOR
N. Haven & N. York.



STAGES leave Litchfield daily (Sundays excepted) for the above places at eight o'clock in the morning. For passage, apply at **PARKS' STAGE HOUSE.**
Litchfield, Nov. 14

India Rubber Over-Shoes.
A FEW dozen Ladies and Gentlemen's India Rubber OVER-SHOES, of best quality, just received by
E. A. LORD.

NEW GOODS
AT THE VARIETY STORE.

E. A. LORD
HAS just returned from New-York with a general assortment of PERFUMERY, &c. consisting in part of the following articles, which will be sold at reduced prices:
Otto of Roses, Milk of Roses, Antique Oil, Bears' Oil, Russia Oil, Extract of Honey; Rose, Lavender, and Cologne Water, a great variety; Pot and Stick Pomatum, Hair Powder, Freston Salts, Lip Salve, Pastilles, Wash Balls, fancy Windsor and other Soaps, Tooth Powder, &c. &c.
ALSO,
A general assortment of BEADS, Bead Purse, Fancy Boxes, Chessmen, Dominoes, Fair Play, Sewer Cushions, Enamelled Buckles, Steel Watch Chains and Keys, a handsome variety of ever-pointed Pencils, Silver Thimble of superior quality, Conversation Cards, Children's Toys, &c. &c. &c.
Litchfield, Feb. 27

DEFERRED ITEMS.

Virginia.—Mr. Chapman Johnson is a candidate for the Legislature of Virginia, for the City of Richmond and County of Henrico. On Monday last he made a speech of three and a half hours in length, on the President's conduct in the removal of the deposites, which excited great interest, as an admirable and conclusive argument, against the removal.

Destructive Fire.—About half past 8 o'clock last evening, a boy in the employ of James Sloan, No. 226, Mulberry street, second door above Spring, took a candle into the store in the rear of the dwelling; and by some accident fire was communicated to the hay, from whence issued a conflagration which has rendered homeless not less than fifty families. The entire range of houses on the east side of Mulberry-street, from Spring to Prince, except the corner building, is in ruins. Many of the unfortunate sufferers lost nearly all their furniture. All the buildings in the interior of the square, except one or two out-buildings next to Spring-street, were destroyed.—N. Y. Jour. of Commerce of Tuesday.

We have at last found an infallible remedy for a lady's sore throat, that ought to entitle us still more to their favor and good will. Encircle it closely, yet tenderly, with a shirt sleeve, and be sure you have an arm in it.—N. Y. Constitution.

Exciting Gas.—Something more than a year since, this gas was administered to a number of young gentlemen in this city. The practice was then advertised upon as being dangerous, and as having in several instances caused insanity. It was also stated that the best chemists, such as Professor Silliman and others, altogether discontinued its use. A recent exhibition of the gas in this city, has resulted in a melancholy manner—the derangement (temporary at least) of one of the individuals to whom it was administered. This we imagine will put a stop to the practice, in this city at least.—Troy Press.

Singular Marriage.—The Bridgeport Farmer mentions a marriage which took place on Friday week at the old Pequonnock meeting house—neither party being over ten years of age! It was understood that the parents of both parties had given their consent.

Massachusetts.—At a Convention of Members of the Legislature of this State, friendly to the present State Administration, John Davis was unanimously nominated as their candidate for re-election as Governor of the State, and Samuel T. Armstrong as Lieutenant Governor.

York, in Upper Canada, has been changed to the name of Toronto, which is the original Indian name.

Mr. Jacob Mallory, of Fair Haven, a hale man, between 60 and 70, was found dead in his bed. He had retired perfectly well. The New Haven Herald says some foul play is suspected, and several medical gentlemen have been called to examine the body.

Singular Circumstance.—A young lady at Bristol was struck in the face (some years since) by a snow ball, which bruised her face much, but it soon got well; ever since, in snowy weather, a redness appears, and clear water runs down her face in large drops, so as to wet a napkin very soon; medical advice is to no purpose; yet in fine weather it dries up, and her face appears as if nothing had been the matter.

A man by the name of Harris, a constable, while in the discharge of his duty, was shot by a man charged with forgery, in Hall county, Georgia, whom he was about to arrest.

An undeniable Fact.—Every election held by the people, turning on the Deposite Question, since their removal, has resulted in the choice of persons opposed to that measure.

The following remarkable inscription is on a tombstone in the church yard of Heydon, Yorkshire, namely:—Here lieth the body of William Siraton, of Paddington, buried on the 18th of May, 1734, aged 91, who had by his first wife 23 children, and by his second 17; own father to 45; grandfather to 86; great-grandfather to 91; and great-great-grandfather to 23; in all 251.—Lond. paper.

Virginia.—The Richmond Whig, of Friday last, says:—"We do not at all question the result of the elections in April. A very extended communication with every quarter of the commonwealth, cheers us with the assurance that the present Legislature will be triumphantly sustained."

Michael Eyre, stage driver between Womelsdorf and Reading, was presented two years since, by his wife, with twins—fine boys—and last week, the good lady gave birth to two girls—this is DRIVING BUSINESS.

Presentment.—New-York, March 14, 1834.—The Grand Jury present the monthly publication entitled McDowell's Journal as a nuisance which calls loudly for the interference of the civil authorities. Under the pretext of cautioning the young of both sexes against the temptations to criminal indulgence, it presents such odious and revolting details as are offensive to taste, injurious to morals, and degrading to the character of our city. We believe that the representations therein made of the extent to which prostitution prevails within our limits are grossly exaggerated, and instead of operating as personalities from vice, they inflame the passions of the young, and increase the evil which they profess to discourage.—N. Y. Jour. Com.

Monsieur Tonson come again! Ma foi! Parbleu! we are ready to exclaim with the poor Frenchman at seeing that venerable relic of a distracted and chaotic intellect, the Hon. Richard Rush, again figuring away at the late Jackson meeting at Philadelphia, as the partisan of the Kitchen Cabinet and Mr. Taney. He pops up like Punch in the play, on all occasions where there is any sport of the kind going on. He is a sort of alibi, or travelling ventriloquist—a standard dish for every festive assemblage. But he is like those birds of evil omen whose apparition always portends a storm and shipwreck. Every thing that he touches crumbles to ruin. Beware therefore, ye who now listen to his infuriated declamations against the Bank, and his fulsome adulation of those who so lately spurned him, that he does not prove a Jack O' Lantern to you, as he did to the anti-Masons. For he is the evil genius of abortion and defeat to those who build their hopes upon the raven croakings of a defect politician so lost to reason, and common sense, and his own personal dignity.—New-York Star.

In the crowd to get a peep at Mr. Biddle, says the New-York Star, a young Irishman at work at the Custom House, ran towards the Exchange without his hat. "Where are you running to, Teddy?" said a bystander. "To see the minister to be sure." "Well, that's him," said another. "He a minister! Reformation, man, why do you look so much like a Christian as you and I, Biddy?"

From "Hours of Devotion."

Spring.—Spring is returning! She begins to struggle for the ascendancy over winter. The ice is quitting the rivulet, and the meadows are putting on their verdure. Flowers, here and there, are already blooming, and the tender foliage is trembling in the breeze. Merrily the lark pours forth her notes in the sky, and every thing around seems to be alive with joy.

Each succeeding day invites us to a ramble in the fields. We are impatient to walk forth, and enjoy the beauties of the season. Before the swelling buds have blossomed, or the landscape appears in all its glory, we find ourselves threading the thicket, or clambering the mountain's top. How many ardent hopes are pictured to our adoring souls! We think of the many pleasant days we shall enjoy, either in excursions through the country, or in the society of those we love! What fragrant mornings await us! and what delicious evenings—full of delight—when the fresh breath of flowers float upon the air—and the moon pours down her magic and silver light upon the rocks, and streams, and quiet habitations of men! We think of the joys that are past, and contemplate those that are to come! We are ready to repeat with David: 'bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits.'

We copy the following pathetic narrative, from the Religious Magazine, a well-conducted periodical, published in this city by Mr. Wiley. Every parent should read it to his children. The moral is excellent.—N. Y. Mirror.

BE KIND TO YOUR SISTER.

One morning, there was a little girl sitting on the door-steps of a pleasant cottage near the common. She was thin and pale. Her head was resting upon her slender hand. There was a touching sadness in her sweet face, which the dull, heavy expression about her jet black eyes, did not destroy. What was she thinking of, sitting thus alone? Perhaps of that pretty flower-garden, which she had cultivated with so much taste and care? Those blue morning-glories, and bright yellow nasturtiums, which she had taught to climb to her window? or those four o'clocks, which she had planted in so straight a line, under the little fence which encircled the flower-bed? She might have been thinking of these—perhaps wondering whether she should see flowers, which she had been cultivating with so much care, open their pretty leaves to another summer's sun.

Her name was Helen. For several weeks she had seemed to be drooping, without any particular disease; inconstant in her attendance at school, and losing gradually her interest in all her former employments. Helen had one sister, Clara, a little older than herself, and several brothers. While she was most indisposed they had expressed a great deal of sympathy, and tried to amuse her, and had willingly given up their own enjoyments, to promote hers. But children will too often be selfish; and when Helen, for some days, appeared better and able to run about and amuse herself, they would forget how peculiarly sensitive she had become, and the cross words which they occasionally spoke, and the neglect, with which they sometimes treated her, wounded her feelings, and caused her to shed many bitter tears, as she lay awake on her little cot at night.

This day she seemed better, and it was something her sister had said to her just before, which gave that expression of sadness to her face, as she sat at the door of the cottage. Clara soon came to her again.

'Helen, mother says you must go to school to-day; so get up, come along and get ready, and not be moping there any longer.'

Helen. 'Did ma say so?'

Clara. 'Yes, she did. You are well enough, I know, for you always say you are sick, at school-time. Get your bonnet, for I shan't wait.'

Helen got up slowly, and wiping with her apron the tear, which had started in her eye, she made her preparations to obey her mother's command. Now Clara had a very irritable disposition. She could not bear to have Helen receive any more attention or sympathy than herself; and unless she were really so sick as to excite her fears, she never would allow her to be sick at all. She was determined not to go to school alone this morning, and had persuaded her mother to make her sister go with her.

In a few moments, they were both ready; but now a difficulty presented itself.—The distance to school was so great, that they seldom returned at noon. Their dinner had been packed for them, in a basket which stood in the entry. Upon whom, now, should the task of carrying this devolve?

'Helen,' said Clara, 'I've carried the basket every day for a week; it's your turn now.'

Helen. 'But it is twice as heavy now.—I can but just lift it.'

Clara. 'Well, I don't care. I have got my geography and atlas to carry: so take it up, and come along, Miss Fudge, I shan't touch it.'

Helen took up the basket, without saying another word, though it required all her little strength, and walked slowly behind her sister. She tried hard to keep from crying, but the tears would come as fast as she wiped them off. They walked on thus in silence for about a quarter of an hour.

Clara felt too much ill-humor to take the least notice of her sister. She knew she had done wrong, and felt uneasy, but was yet too proud to give up, and was determined to 'hold out'; excusing herself by thinking—'Well, Helen is always saying she is sick, and making a great fuss. It's just good enough for her.' When she had reached the half-way stone, she had half a mind not to let her rest there, as usual; but the habit was too strong to be easily broken, and she sat down sullenly to wait for Helen to come up.

This was a spot which few could have passed unnoticed. The broad flat stone was shaded by a beautiful weeping willow, whose branches hung so low, that even little Maria could reach them by standing on tiptoe; and around the trunk of this tree ran a little brook, which came up just to this rustic seat, and then turned off, into the next meadow. It would seem as if the beauty of this place must have charmed away the evil spirit which was rising in Clara's breast; but no! the cool shade brought no refreshment to those evil passions, and the little ripples which sparkled in the sun-beam did not, for one moment, divert her attention from her own cross feelings. As I said before, she sat sullenly, till Helen came up, and then began to scold her for being so slow.

'Why don't you come along faster, Helen? you will be late to school, and I don't care if you are: you deserve a good scolding for acting so.'

'Why, Clara, I am very tired, my head does ache, and this basket is very heavy.—I do think you ought to carry it the rest of the way.'

'Do give it to me, then,' said Clara;—and snatched it from her with such violence that the cover came off. The apples rolled out and fell into the water, the gingerbread followed, and the pie rolled into the dirt. It has been truly said, 'Anger is a short madness'; for how little reason have those who indulge in it! Helen was not to blame for the accident, but Clara did not stop to think of this. Vexed at having thus lost her dinner, she turned and gave her little sister a push, and then walked on as rapidly as possible. O! could she have foreseen the consequences of this rash act—could she have known the bitter anguish which it would afterwards cause her, worlds would not have tempted her to do it; but Clara was angry. Helen was seated just on the edge of the stone, and she fell into the water. It was not deep. She had waded there many a day with her shoes and stockings off, and she easily got out again, but it frightened her very much and took away all her strength. She could not even call to her sister, or cry. A strange feeling came over her, such as she had never had before. She laid her head on the stone, closed her eyes, and thought she was going to die, and she wished her mother was there. Then she seemed to sleep for a few moments; but by and by she felt better, and, getting up, she took her empty basket and walked on, as fast as she was able, towards school.

It was nearly half done when she arrived there, and as she entered the room, all noticed her pale face and wet dress. She took her seat, and placing her book before her, leaned her aching head upon her hand, and attempted to study, but in vain. She could not fix her attention at all. The strange feeling began to come over her once more! the letters all mingled together—the room grew dark, the shrill voice of the little child screaming its A B C in front of her desk, grew fainter and fainter; her head sunk upon her book, and she fell to the floor.

Fainting was so unusual in this school, that all was instantly confusion, and it was some minutes before the teacher could restore order. Helen was brought to the air, two of her companions were despatched for water, and none were allowed to remain near excepting Clara, who stood by, trembling from head to foot, and almost as white as the insensible object before her. O! what a moment of anguish was this—deep, bitter anguish. Her anger melted away at once, and she would almost have sacrificed her own life, to have recalled the events of the morning. That was impossible. The future, however, was still before her, and she determined never again to indulge her temper, or be unkind to any one. If Helen only recovered, the future should be spent in atoning for her past unkindness.

It seemed for a short time indeed, as if she would be called upon to fulfil these promises. Helen gradually grew better, and in about an hour was apparently as well as usual. It was judged best, however, for her to return home, and a farmer, who happened to pass in a new gig, very kindly offered to take her.

Clara could not play with the girls as usual; she could not study. Her heart was full, and she was very impatient to be once more by her sister's side. The recesses were spent in collecting pictures, notes and little books; and the long study-hours were employed in printing stories. In this way, she attempted to quiet that still small voice, whose secret whispers were destroying all her happiness. O how eagerly she watched the sun in his slow progress round the school-house; and when at last he threw his slanting beams through the west window, she was the first to obey the joyful signal; and books, papers, pen and ink instantly disappeared from her desk.

Clara did not linger on her way home. She even past the 'half-way stone' with no other notice than a deep sigh. She hurried to her sister's bed-side, impatient to show her the curiosities she had collected, and to make up, by every little attention, for her unkindness. Helen was at sleep. Her face was no longer pale, but flushed with a burning fever. Her little hands were hot; and as she tossed restlessly about on her pillow, she would mutter to herself—sometimes calling on her sister, to 'stop, stop,' and then again begging her not to throw her to the fishes.

Clara watched long, in agony, for her to wake. This she did at last; but it brought no relief to the distressed sister and friend. She did not know them, and continued to talk incoherently about the events of the morning. It was too much for Clara to bear. She retired to her own little room, and lonely bed, and wept till she could weep no more.

By the first dawn of light she was at her sister's bed-side; but there was no alteration. For three days, Helen continued in this state. I would not, if I could, describe the agony of Clara, as she heard herself thus called upon, and deservedly reproached by the dear sufferer. Her punishment was indeed greater than she could bear. At the close of the third day, Helen gave signs of returning consciousness—inquired if the cold water which she drank would injure her—recognized her mother and very anxiously called for Clara. She had just stepped out, and was immediately told of this. O how joyful was the summons! She hastened to her sister, who, as she approached, looked up and smiled. The feverish flush from her cheek was gone—she was almost deadly pale. By her own request her head had been raised upon two or three pillows, and her little emaciated hands were folded over the white coverlid. Clara was entirely overcome; she could only weep; and as she stopped to kiss her sister's white lips, the child threw her arms around her neck, and drew her still nearer. It was a long embrace; then her arms moved convulsively, and fell motionless by her side; there were a few struggles—she gasped once or twice—and little Helen never breathed again.

Days and weeks and months rolled on. Time had somewhat healed the wound, which grief for the loss of an only sister had made; but it had not power to remove from Clara's heart the remembrance of her former unkindness. It poisoned many an hour. She never took her little basket of sewing, now so light, or in her solitary walk to school passed the 'half-way stone,' without a deep sigh, and often a tear of bitter regret.

Children who are what Clara was, go now and be what Clara is—mild—amiable—obliging and pleasant to all.

Hours for Rest.—In some families there is no peace nor enjoyment in the evening until the children are packed off to bed. Accordingly, soon after dark they are compelled to retire; before there is an inclination for sleep. They thus remain in bed a greater number of hours than are required; and consequently their sleep is broken by dreams and restlessness in the night; and drowsiness in the morning. Parents should ascertain the number of hours their children require, and regulate the hour of retiring accordingly. Pursuing this practice, the children will fall asleep the moment they lie down, and awake refreshed, to almost the very minute, or at a certain degree of light. Instead of being a disturbance to the rest of the family, they can be made a source of interest and pleasure, by bringing them up to amuse themselves with pleasing and useful books; and to converse on topics profitable and adapted to their age and understanding.

Hours of Study.—Sir Walter Scott, who has the credit of being one of the most industrious scholars; or rather writers, that ever lived, was asked, it is said, how much time a man could safely spend daily, in intellectual pursuits. He answered, five hours. It was the result of his experience, he remarked, that five hours daily intellectual labor was safe; any study beyond that was soon followed by injurious consequences. His plan was, to get three hours before breakfast, and two after, and then to devote the remainder of the day to rest and recreation.

We do not vouch for the truth of this story, though it is believed to be true.—Five hours diligent occupation each day, would be amply sufficient to produce his works, notwithstanding the astonishing rapidity with which they succeeded each other. For let us suppose that he wrote only one printed page an hour, a very moderate calculation: this would make five pages each day, which would give a volume of three hundred pages in two months, or six volumes a year; much more than he actually did accomplish.

Literary men would probably effect much more than they now generally do, if they would appropriate a smaller number of hours to their daily labors, and then, in accordance with his example, devote the remainder of the day to rest and recreation. There would be an elasticity, and freshness, and vigor, during this limited period, which is now lost through the deadening influence of long confinement, and protracted labor.—Annals of Education.